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THE REVERSES OF TIME.

"IT'S STRANGE HOW TIME REVERSES THINGS, ISN'T IT?"

"YES, I SUPPOSE SO."

"MISS KIDDLING, WHOM WE JUST PASSED, WAS THREE OR FOUR YEARS OLDER THAN ME WHEN WE WENT TO SCHOOL TOGETHER. NOW, I FIND I AM THREE OR FOUR YEARS OLDER THAN SHE IS."

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FOR APRIL!

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A SPRING POEM.

IN the Spring the poet scribbles poems on the virgin paper,
And the noble Ewing bats a lofty empyrean scraper;
In the Spring the patent tonic makes a great and glorious spurt,
And a smile spreads o'er the face of him who vends the flannel shirt.

THE FIRST OF APRIL IN ANCIENT ATHENS.



PLATO never forgave Diogenes for that chicken episode.

It will be remembered that Plato kept a select school for boys in Athens. One day, in his eagerness to tell his scholars what a man was, he gave them this definition: "Man is a two-legged featherless animal."

Plato thought this was neat, epigrammatic and complete, but when one of the scholars conveyed to Diogenes this brief description of the monarch of creation, the tub-dweller begged leave to differ.

The next day Diogenes secured a rooster—dishonestly, we fear—and cruelly denuded it of its feathers. Carrying the plucked fowl by the legs, Diogenes stalked down street to Plato's school, and entered the room. Plato was hearing the second-reader class recite at the time,

but Diogenes did not wait for the recitation to conclude. Throwing the maltreated chanticleer into the middle of the school-room, Diogenes cried:

"Behold Plato's man!"

This made Plato very cross, the more so as the criticism was deserved, for the featherless fowl filled his definition of a man exactly.

Accordingly, the philosopher "had it in" for the cynic, as the ancient Greeks used to put it.

The tub of Diogenes was anchored in a vacant lot near Plato's school, and it was the custom of the former to walk past the school several times in the course of the day.

On the first day of April next succeeding the incident narrated, Plato left his old plug hat on the side-walk in front of his school, and beneath the hat a large pressed brick of the Grecian order of architecture was concealed.

It was about the time for Diogenes to take his first walk on the avenue, and the school-master and his pupils secreted themselves in near-by doorways to await events.

Presently Diogenes appeared, walking slowly, with his head slightly bent, as if wondering whether it were worth while to seek longer for an honest man. The plug hat met his sight. Now, Diogenes was but human, even if he was a cynic, and even a cynic could not resist the temptation to kick a hat in such a position—that is, if he failed to remember the day of the month. Now, the fact that it was the first of April had escaped Diogenes's memory, and he gave that hat a vicious kick.

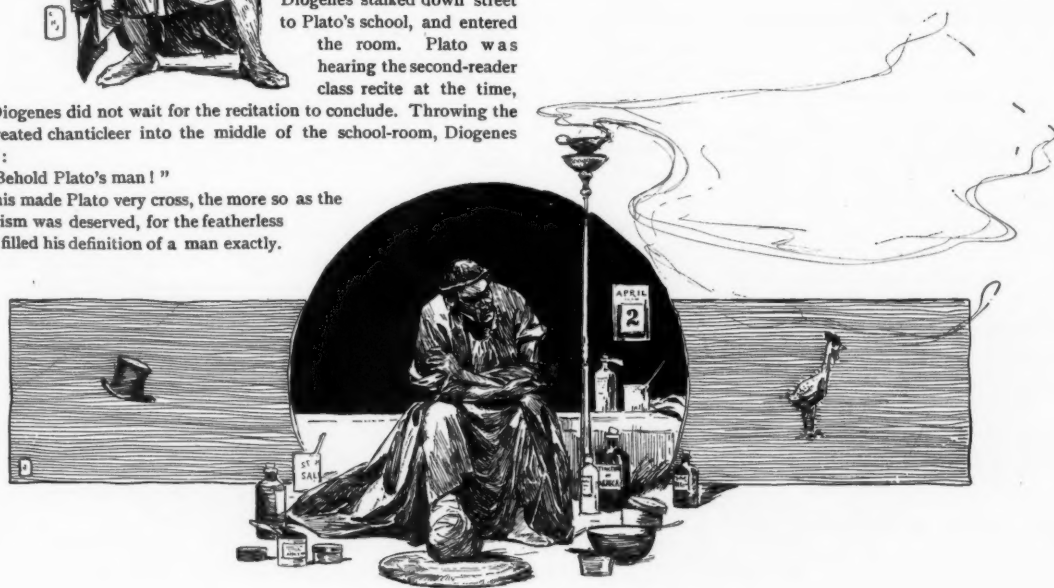
As he wore no shoes, the effect of the forceful impact is better imagined than described.

Plato and his scholars rushed out on the street, the latter with cries of derision, but Plato assumed a stern aspect, and demanded to know why he (Diogenes) had attempted the destruction of his (Plato's) property.

"You must have known the hat was mine, for you have seen me wear it many a time and oft," Plato said.

"That I have," replied Diogenes, as he stood on one foot and tenderly nursed his injured toe. "You have worn that hat for ten years, heedless of the change of fashion. Moreover, I do esteem myself justly punished for not remembering that you always carry a brick therein."

Wm. H. Siviter.





"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. XVII.

APRIL 2, 1891.

No. 431.

28 WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET, NEW YORK.

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SO far as concerns the individuals who lost their lives as a result of recent enthusiasm of certain citizens of New Orleans, there seems to be no great doubt that they can be spared with benefit to the citizens who are left. The aspect of the matter which has been most discussed, takes account of the question whether New Orleans has character enough to afford such bursts of enthusiasm, and if so, whether the United States has character enough to afford New Orleans.

The Crescent City is accumulating a remarkable notoriety. Congress had to make special laws awhile ago to restrict her ability to contaminate the morals of the Union. She wanted to gamble with us, and checked in that purpose, now sets us a miscellaneous bad example, running from assassination through jury fixing, another collapse of justice, to mob violence and wholesale killing. Two Americans, in their day, made great reputations in New Orleans, General Jackson first, and General Butler subsequently. There is the making of a third reputation in her now, and it remains to be seen whether she can produce a man capable of grasping the chance. She is ill enough off to make her reform the basis of a presidential popularity. If she has a Sammy Tilden or Grover Cleveland about her, she should trot him out. Some of our Italian friends who reside in Chicago are acutely dissatisfied with the results of mob-rule in New Orleans, and cry out for reparation. If there is a circumstance that will go farther than another to make people believe that the Italians who were killed in New Orleans were cut-throats, it is to have the Italians in Chicago take measures to avenge them. The reputation of the expostulatory foreign element in Chicago is not such as to stimulate public confidence in the objects of its sympathy.

OUR friends, the labor bosses are at the front again, and some of them have even been put under arrest. The trouble has been between certain clothing manufacturers in Rochester and New York, and the Clothing Cutters' Union.

The manufacturers found the rule of the cutter bosses so arbitrary and extortionate that they locked out their cutters, and agreed to fight the difficulty out. In the investigation that followed facts came out which became the basis for the arrest of a number of the labor bosses on charges of conspiracy and extortion. The power of the bosses over the manufacturers and the method of its use were shown in letters put in evidence before the State Board of Arbitration. It appears from these letters how thoroughly competent organized labor is to deal with capital, if the law will only let it alone. The secret boycott in hands entirely great is mightier than the pen, and crowds the jimmy and the drill pretty hard as a money-getting instrument. But the law hinders jimmy and drill, and detracts from their usefulness. The issue of these impending trials will help to determine whether it also frowns upon the secret boycott.

* * *

IN rows between labor and capital, the majority of the people want to side with labor. We don't care especially whether the manufacturer gets rich or not, but we all want to see the working people, men, women, girls and boys, gain the means of comfortable support. Labor's greatest weapon of defence is organization, but there comes the rub. There cannot be organization without leaders, and over and over again we find the vital interests of thousands of families entrusted to the direction of blather-skites, whose blunders are calamitous in their results.

It was long ago conceded that the best government in the world was that of a benevolent and all-wise despots. But so small a percentage of despots were found to be adequately wise or benevolent, that as Emerson expressed it, "God said, 'I am tired of Kings,'" and despots went out of fashion.

* * *

THE bosses of the great labor organizations are practically despots. Their power is enormous, but the chances of their making a beneficent use of it have been found to be slim. The impression is widely diffused that it costs labor a great deal more to be organized on a very large scale than to be moderately squeezed by employers. If that impression is as well founded as LIFE believes it is, the fiat, "I am tired of bosses," is likely soon to go forth. And the sooner it shall go forth the better it will be for all mankind—except the bosses.

The more limited, and in particular the local organizations, seem to thrive and benefit their members, but the great ones that extend from one end of the country to the other, are too liable to mismanagement to make thoughtful citizens hopeful for their future.



POOR BIDDY DRAWS THE LINE AT LAST.

FRANCE AND GERMANY.



MR. PRESIDENT HARRISON'S interpretation of the Civil Service Law is very like the reading the Devil might be expected to give to the Scriptures. The removal of Boston's postmaster is a case in point.

IT'S very flattering to Jonathan that the little girl across the border is so anxious to come to his arms, but Britannia is a watchful chaperone, and the little girl must be discreet.

INASMUCH as the Republicans could not pass the Force Bill, which would have kept them perpetually in power, it was only natural perhaps that they should loot the treasure box before they abandoned the citadel.

EVERYONE knows that theoretically the lynching of the Italians at New Orleans was wrong. Everyone feels that practically it was about the only resort left to the people of that city. Only those who cannot feel her situation should cast the stone of disapproval.

OUR old friend, the piratical publisher, will have to climb up to his niche in history. Come the first of July he will proceed to walk his own plank.



SIR JOHN MACDONALD AS THE BRITISH LION.

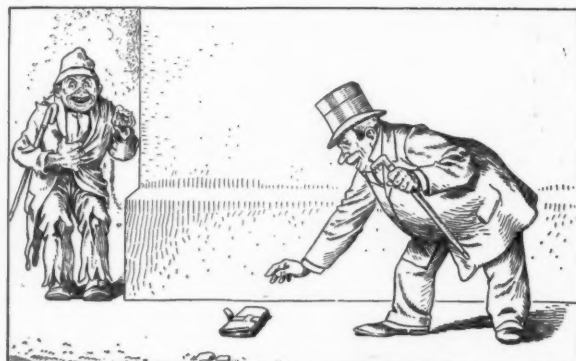


FRENCH chivalry seems to be like French glory—a thing of the past. Picture the Chevalier Bayard refusing a woman safe-conduct in France!

ST. PATRICK'S day has come and gone, but, alas, its effects were not fatal.



A FIRST OF APRIL TRAGEDY.



BOOKISHNESS

VALERA'S STORY OF "DONA LUZ."

TO be put in actual possession of a new grouping of characters, a new set of traditions and standard of judgment, and yet to feel the strongest kinship with these strange people and customs—that is the test of the deep insight and adequate expression of a foreign novel such as "Doña Luz" (Appleton's) by Juan Valera. (Mrs. Mary J. Serrano has translated it from the Spanish into clear and graceful English.)

The ease and certainty of the author in creating his atmosphere, evolving the setting for his little drama, and revealing his characters with deliberateness, shows how masterful is simplicity. You become acquainted in Villafria gradually, as you would if you were visiting there. You have your acute and often accurate first impressions of the place and the people; and then you begin to doubt a little as you become more intimate; and then you have what you imagine is a clear insight, with the riddle of life about to be easily solved, and finally you discover that the impenetrable mist settles over the drama in Villafria as it does over the rest of the world—and, with all its simplicity, you see the "tangled web" as baffling there as in your own town and quiet circle.

* * *

THERE is admirable truth, too, in the way in which worldly success comes to those people in the story who have deliberately and not too scrupulously planned for it. *Don Acisclo* would be called in America a man with "a great business head," and a faithful steward. He took twenty years to come into full possession of his master's estates "rendering exact accounts meanwhile and demonstrating mathematically that he caused the marquis to gain three or four thousand dollars a year by his zealous management." The marquis said that any other steward would have ruined him in ten years; so that he was indebted to *Don Acisclo* for ten years of comfortable and pleasant existence. And the



steward "believed in his heart that he had been a model of servitors to the marquis." If Valera were a less artistic novelist he would have made *Don Acisclo* a disagreeable villain, instead of an affable and almost lovable old man.

There is also *Don Jaime* the spotless reformer and politician of the great world who comes down from Madrid to Villafria, and has a beautiful, idyllic romance with the unapproachable *Doña Luz*. He marries her on the eve of her inheriting great wealth of which she did not even dream,



"AND AS THE MAID DID NOT COME TO THE DOOR, MY GRANDFATHER WENT AWAY AND NEVER PROPOSED."

"AND DID YOUR GRANDFATHER NEVER MARRY?"

You forsee for the brilliant man and charming woman a long and happy life—all because of a fortunate accident. *That* is the way of romance.

But the novelist Valera knows better. You are shown that *Don Jaime* went down to Villafria at just the right time for his romance, because he had for years waited for the opportunity which should pour wealth into the hands of *Doña Luz*. He was successful because he planned it. And *that* is the way of the world.

* * *

THE two idealists of the story are *Father Enrique* who dies of a hopeless love, and *Doña Luz* who awakes from her love-



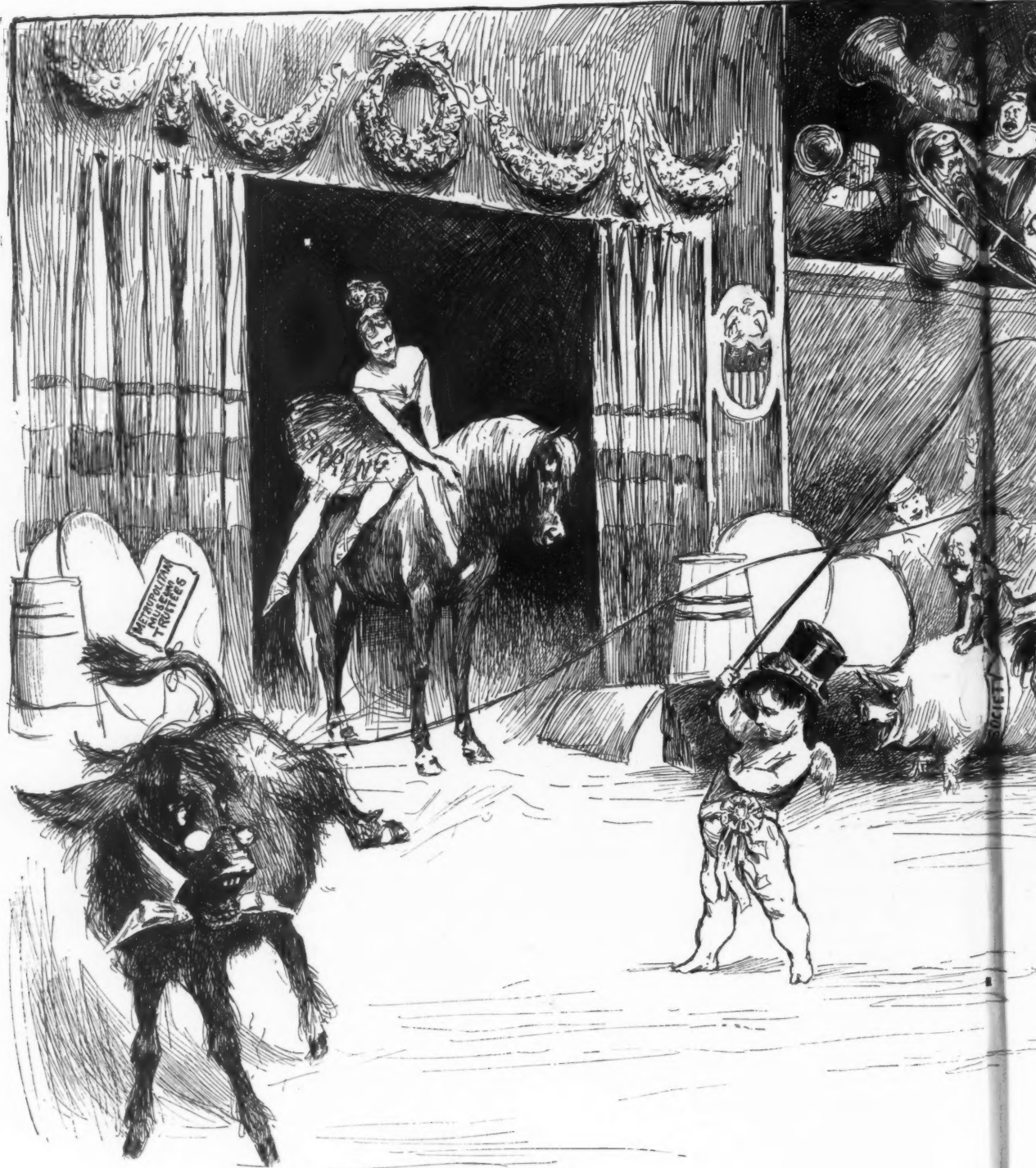
"JUMPING HIS BAIL."

romance to find that her hero is a selfish fortune-hunter. All the misery is reserved for the best people in the story. Surely, life is kinder than this—sometimes at least.

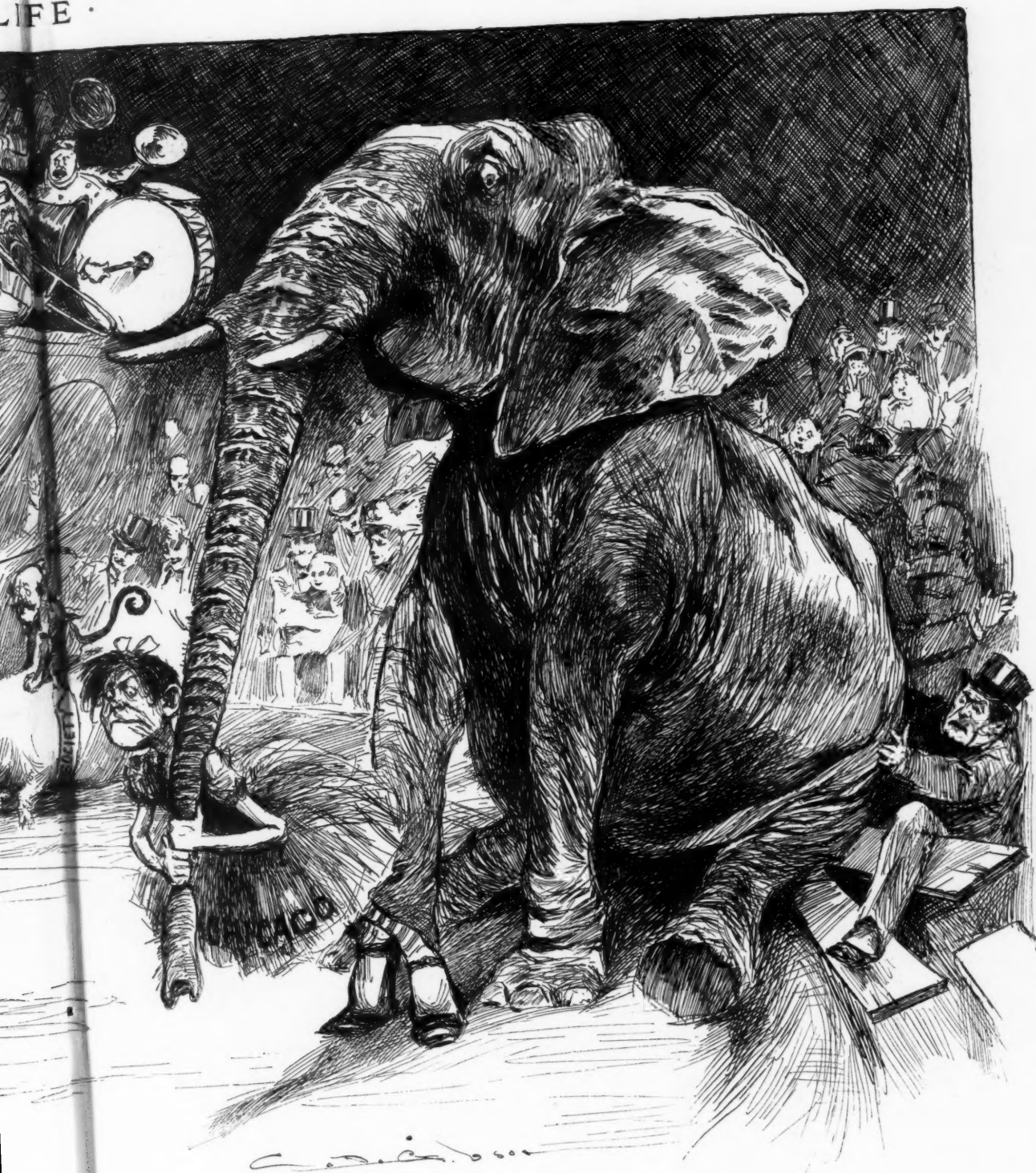
At any rate, one may believe that *Doña Luz*, living in seclusion down at Villafria, with a great love in her heart for the ideal which the priest had set before her, finds more of worth in life than *Don Jaime* who "shines in the highest circles of the capital."

But he is having much the better time of it—and must often congratulate himself on the shrewd stroke which gave him the only thing he needed for a successful career.

Droch.



LIFE ·



THE CIRCUS IS HERE!



Mrs. F.: THERE'S MRS. BLUEPOINT—SOME LIKE HER, BUT SHE LACKS REPOSE, I THINK.

Mrs. DeB. (who got her money late in life): I SHOULD THINK THEY'D LET HER SLEEP AS LATE'S SHE'S A MIND TO.



SLUSH, MUSH AND GUSH.

THOSE who find delight in other people's agony should pass an evening with "The Pharisee" at the Madison Square Theatre. Three acts of anguish is cheap at a dollar and a half. A bull fight is nothing to it. Moreover, a bull's capacity for suffering affords less scope for honest merriment than that of a sensitive woman when properly baited. Through the three weary acts which constitute the piece, an unfortunate, but well-meaning female, with whitened face and darkened eyes, parades her hopeless and exaggerated grief. With this lady's assistance the melancholy audience are allowed, for three wretched hours, to wallow in a sickening

sea of misery and woe. The play is a clumsy tissue of hackneyed situations, embellished with threadbare sentiments and maudlin emotion.

* * *

AN exquisite bit of unconscious humor comes to us in the shape of a dramatic criticism in the *Boston Evening Gazette*.

Speaking of Mme. Bernhardt as La Tosca, this critic informs his readers that "no lesson is taught; no principle of life is illustrated; nothing profitable to thought is evolved." If this gentleman insists upon going to the theatre, it is perhaps our duty to warn him against saying too much about it afterwards. It is also our duty to state, in justice to Sara, that in visiting Boston, she probably had no intention of entering into direct competition with the local clergy.

AN INTERESTING REVIVAL.



WHAT a jolly little touch of the inquisition they had in Ohio! The Rev. Howard McQueary was forced to leave the Episcopal Church because certain details of his belief were not identical with those of his bishop. To speak of a bishop as "an amooosin cuss" is a liberty LIFE could never take, even if it tried, but this particular bishop ought to be sent to bed and deprived of his

candy for a week. We can imagine him as a boy saying to a comrade: "You are a horrid, nasty thing, there now, and if you don't think as I do you shan't play in my yard!"

But it must not be supposed that Mr. MacQueary is guiltless in this matter. There is conclusive evidence that he has been thinking. He is even accused of a tendency to Unitarianism. Now Unitarians are hopeless and confirmed thinkers. They not only think, but they arrive at conclusions, and if Episcopal clergymen were allowed such unbridled reasoning, there is no foreseeing where the mischief would end.

RATHER DIFFICULT.

MISS D.: Angelina, why don't you marry Lieut. X—?

MISS A.: First, because he has no brains—and he can't ride, dance or play tennis. What could we do with him?

MISS D.: But he swims beautifully.

MISS A.: Oh, yes—but one can't keep one's husband in an aquarium you know.

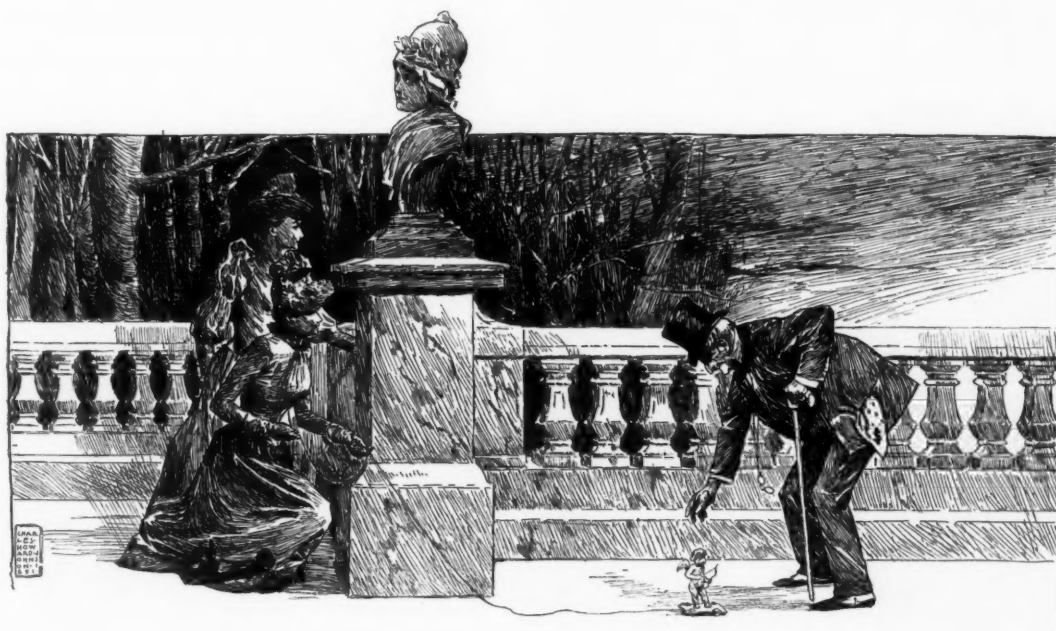
MAUD: George told me last night I was his little duck!

ETHEL: He probably discovered that you were no chicken.

CURE FOR INSOMNIA—Four rounds with Sullivan.



THE FIRST OF APRIL, 2,000 YEARS AGO.



IN 1891.

A LAMENTABLE FLAW.

ALDERMAN DINKELSPEIL: Vot you tink, Moriarty, about de complexion of de new poard?

ALDERMAN MORIARTY: There's a dom'd American in it be the name of Johnson. I like it in other rispicts.

SHE (*carefully questioning*): Are you a married man?

HE (*carefully answering*): I don't know. My latest telegram from Chicago says that the jury is still out.

MADDER THAN A HORNET—The object of its caresses.

A VERY EXCITING ADVENTURE THAT HAPPENED TO CHOLLY.



CHOLLY DECIDES THAT CIGARETTES ARE INJURIOUS.



AND HE THROWS THEM OUT OF THE WINDOW THERE AND THEN, DONTCHERKNOW.



BUT IN HALF AN HOUR HE FINDS THAT A FELLAH MUST SMOKE, BY JOVE.

JOURNALISTIC BURGLARY.

SHE was a maid of high degree,
And quite severely proper,
Each man she met, so proud was she,
Would love, despair, then drop her.

But there remained without demur,
When all the rest forsook her,
An amateur photographer,
And finally he took her.

These verses, by Tom Masson, appeared in LIFE, Oct. 3, 1889.

These verses were stolen by the editor of *Demorest's Magazine* and printed in the March, 1891, issue of that publication without reference to their previous appearance in LIFE.

These verses were printed in the *Evening Sun* of March 20, 1891, and credited to *Demorest's Magazine*.

The *Evening Sun* is a rather interesting little penny paper which devotes a great deal of its limited space to lauding its own brightness and telling the editors of other publications just how they should conduct their business. We approve the *Evening Sun's* appreciation of the good things which appear in LIFE. We are sorry we can not say as much for its editorial sagacity or the bumptiousness which makes it embark so rashly on the difficult process of teaching its grandmother how to suck eggs.

DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE.

Little Girl: WHAT'S ER MATTER, SONNY? IS YER AFEEED TO CROSS? GIVE ME YOUR HAN', I'LL TAKE YER OVER!

WHY HE WENT.

GREENE: I see by the papers that Ex-Speaker Reed has been to see Carmencita.
WHITE: Yes; I suppose he feels lonesome now, without any kicking.

A POSSIBLE CASE.

JONES: It's the most curious case on record.

BROWN: Tell me about it.

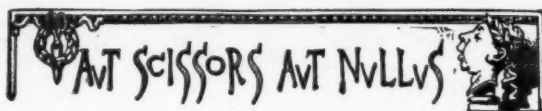
JONES: Well, you see, he kissed his wife in the dark, supposing it was her sister. She kissed him, supposing it was his brother. They embraced each other for ten minutes before they discovered the real state of affairs. Now they are both trying to get a divorce for kissing each other.



AND HE GATHERS THEM UP AGAIN.



AT ANY RATE, DONTCHERKNOW, HE HAS THE MORAL SATISFACTION OF HAVING MADE A GOOD RESOLVE.



EIGHTY PER CENT. HONEST.

O H, dear to our hearts is the bright silver dollar,
With Liberty's picture just turned from the Mint,
And the national bird with his high ruffled collar,
As if he would fight if you gave him the hint.
The old yankee dollar,
Our father's big dollar,
Made of just eighty cents at the Government Mint.

—*Journal of Finance.*

THE visitor from Hawcreek had been invited to address the Sunday school.

"I am reminded, children," he said, "of the career of a boy who was once no larger than some of the little fellows I see here before me. He played truant when he was sent to school, went fishing every Sunday, ran away from home before he was ten years old, learned to drink, smoke, chew tobacco, play cards and slip in under the canvas when the circus came around. He went into bad company, frequented livery stables and low barrooms, finally became a pickpocket, then a forger, then a horse thief, and one day in a fit of drunkenness he committed a cowardly murder. Children," he continued impressively, "where do you think that boy is now?"

"He stands before us!" guessed the children with one voice.—*Chicago Tribune.*

"SAY," said a man to the butcher of whom he purchased his daily supply of meat, "that last piece of steak I bought of you must have been from a steer old enough to vote."

"Was it tough?" inquired the man of meat.

"Tough! Well I should say it was. I could hardly cut it."

"Oh, is that all? Well, you ought to have heard another man kicking a day or two ago. He bought a piece that he said was so tough he couldn't get his fork in the gravy."—*Salt Lake Tribune.*

HERE is one of Lady Bulwer's droll stories of the society lady:

"Who is this Dean Swift they are talking about?" she whispered to Lady Bulwer, during a pause in the conversation. "I should like to invite him to one of my receptions."

"Alas, madam, the dean has done something that has shut him out of society."

"Dear me, what was that?"

"Well, about a hundred years ago he died."—*Argonaut.*

"THEY say Chollie's injuries were the result of a practical joke."

"Yes. The boys told him that a big, burly fellow in the bar-room was deaf and dumb, and Chollie walked over to him, and with a sweet smile told him he was a blank fool."

"Well?"

"The man wasn't deaf and dumb."—*New York Sun.*

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